

## IN GAY NEW YORK.

By T. E. POWERS.



## AT THE PIANO RECITAL.

THE FAIR ONE—Yes, isn't Paderewski a marvelous pianist? See how every one rushes up to congratulate him.

"Gee! But that was fine! Better than any barrel organ I ever heard."  
 "If you took a few lessons you'd play even better than you do now."  
 "Just one look of your hair! Come now, don't get coy. I want it to soften the mattress a little in my hall (bedroom) of Fame."  
 "Mr. Paddy Rooney, yours is a North of Ireland name, isn't it?"  
 "Can you play 'Strike Up the Band, Here Comes a Sailor'?"  
 "I took a couple of piano lessons myself, once; but I can't play as you do."  
 "If the Spaniards had handled San Juan fort the way you handle the piano-forte Roosevelt wouldn't be Governor to-day."  
 "Won't you just play, as an encore, that lovely little pathetic ballad, 'They've Shifted Mother's Grave to Dig a Sewer'?"

## LAURA JEAN LIBBEY Advises a Son Whose Home Is Unhappy.

(Copyright, 1900, by the Press Publishing Co.)  
 "I would seem that womanhood do not absorb all of the world's woes." "A. (G.)" says:  
 "Dear Madam: Will you kindly advise as to the following: I am a young man of eighteen and have great trouble in my home. My father and mother are always having violent quarrels, and when I try to make peace between them my father is angry and declares I should go out of the house, returning when it is all over.  
 "I have told my father if this state of affairs keeps up I will leave home. He replies that even should I do so, he can compel me to come back, remaining until I am twenty-one years of age. Now, if I wished to marry, could he object to it, on the same grounds?  
 "No son can stand by and see the mother who bore him abused. It is not in human nature. Were he to do so, he is not worthy of being called a man. I believe a father can control the ac-



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

badly treatment of her.  
 As it stands, the next best course to pursue would be to immediately escort your mother away from home whenever it is evident that a storm, or perhaps a hurricane, is brewing, as no doubt you are not physically the equal of your father.  
 A son who is strong and able to enforce it should compel all men (his father included) to respect his mother. If a mother's tongue is at fault in the wordy war waged with her gently and earnestly when you are alone with her to deal for your sake.  
 A son can influence a mother as no one else on earth can.  
 The three years must pass. Time never lingers long with the present. Then you will be legally free to leave the scene of your trouble forever. Try to make those golden years of opportunity to restore peace between your father and mother.  
 Yours is a noble mission, little as you think it. LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.  
 (By permission of the Family Story Paper.)

## GEORGIE'S PA'S NEW SHOES When he first put them on.

"I guess," paw and after the clock when was clocked, "I'll have to get a new pair of shoes now, being McKinley's in. Look at those. You couldn't expect a person to go on waiting such things."  
 "I didn't say anything to discourage you about it," paw told him. "Go ahead and get some new ones. But I don't see what McKinley's getting in has to do with it."  
 "Oh, nawthin' much," paw answered. "Only if Bryan would get those maw's mite of all had to go barefooted because things would be shut down."  
 "Then what made you be Bryan?" paw asked him.  
 "Ma for Bryan?" paw says. "I never was—not for a minute."  
 "Then what made you call him the peerless Leader and the tribune of the people and nearly fit with the captain because he and you set up a fella god in the house?"  
 "What's the use thrashin' over old straw?" paw asked. "After the glue shoe spilled on the carpet they are no use putting the pieces together to see what name was blown in the bottle. Ma's one grade trouble with you, maw, when the calf's dead and they've got it skinned they are no sense in worrying about what name you'd of given it if it would of grew up to be a cow. That makes me think about the shoes again. I guess I'll not get Cangozo this time, because they mite be too thin for winter."  
 "All right," maw told him. "Get any kind you like, only be sure they fit."  
 So maw didn't worry any more and the next day the shoes came and paw put them on that mite, for the stockholders of a Led mine paw got in on the ground floor by the skin of his teeth because a friend of his was kind and that fell in the nick of time were going to meet and see if they better put up any more money or not.  
 "There's just like a pair of old gloves," maw said when he had the shoes on and started out. "That's where it comes in being a man and not trying to make outcher ashamed of herself because had such poor taste."  
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S. E. KISER.

I guess I no what he nearly said, but he didn't say it because he stepped on Little Albert's iron locomotive that was left about half way upstairs, and yelled:  
 "Gee Roosum!" and then gave it a kick with his other foot that he forgot he didn't have a shoe on.  
 So after it got quiet again maw says:  
 "If it would of saved your sole and kept you from getting the new shoes I'm almost sorry the election didn't turn out the other way."—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## THE NEW BOX COAT.



The material is pale tan cloth, with applications of the same, and velvet collar and cuffs. Large pearl buttons close the double-breasted front. The hat is tan silk, bordered with mink, and crimped with roses and old-rose velvet. A shower of mink tails falls from the back.

## The World.

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## WITH "KISSING HANDS" AS A STARTING POINT.

The new and renewed British Ministers have been down to Windsor to "kiss hands," as the official phrase goes. It must have been a ludicrous sight to see that company of distinguished middle-aged and elderly Englishmen, many of them very fat, dragging themselves about the room on their knees muttering queer old grovelling phrases before the little, stout old lady who is the titular ruler of a vast empire yet cannot select the person who attends to her personal wardrobe.

We may view this scene with amused contempt. But let us not lose sight of one point. The gentlemen on their knees are only physically on their knees. Mentally they are very erect indeed. And the most abject and absurd looking one of them all—Salisbury, fat to obesity, stiff in the joints and as unwieldy as an elephant—is the most erect mentally.

Have we not on this side of the water several men in public life who mentally get not upon their knees but flat upon their stomachs, with their noses scooping into the dust—and that, too, not to obtain power, not in mere formal deference to an ancient custom that has lost its meaning, but because their souls are so base that for the sake of a few dollars and a shadowy and fleeting title they eagerly barter self-respect?

This brings up the general subject of grovelling and reminds us of the fact that three English-speaking nations have just held political campaigns, in which one of the most ancient superstitions of the world has played a conspicuous part.

Among barbarians the main purpose in having gods is and ever has been prosperity. The gods are the Administration, and to them the people look for crops, a low death-rate and a high birth-rate. If the gods do their duty they are treated with great respect and lead a life that is one continual round of feasting and dancing. But if the weather is bad, if pestilence comes, if the birth-rate is unsatisfactory, then woe unto the Administration! The gods are dragged from the temples, daubed with mud, beaten with whips, ducked in the rivers. The punishment is kept up until they behave themselves again by restoring Prosperity.

The idea that prosperity is due to individual effort, to the steady application of brain and muscle to natural conditions, has a great many professed adherents nowadays. No doubt in Hottentot land there are bold spirits who in times of plenty venture to doubt the powers of the hideous little flat-nosed idols. But these bold spirits are not in the last rank of the assailants of the gods when the Administration is on trial for failing to give prosperity. And they would not greatly encourage a change of administration in prosperous times.

Within a fortnight the newspapers have announced quite as a matter of course two improvements that foreshadow a complete change in the conditions of civilization. Yet so accustomed have we become to marvels in the last half of this amazing century that we have had no sensation of event.

The first is the construction of a practical airship. The second is the discovery of a means of utilizing nearly all the power that is stored in coal. The meaning of the second improvement is not quite so obvious as the meaning of the first. But the second is, if anything, the more important.

More than 90 per cent. of the energy of fuel is at the present time wasted. This means not only a great direct loss, but also a vast multiplication of the inconvenience of using fuel. It means that the bulk of one ton of coal will do the work which now requires the bulk of ten tons of coal. It means enormous saving of money, enormous saving of space in the driving of engines and motors of all kinds, purer air, better health, cheaper commodities, cheaper heating facilities, cheaper transportation.

It requires no imagination to picture the world half a century hence from the use of the appliances now within view. The intellect of man, turned for the first time in the last few decades to an energetic effort to harness the forces of nature, is apparently on the eve of emancipating the human race from bondage. Science is knocking the shackles from the most oppressed and is compelling men everywhere to think.

It is impossible to elevate and liberate a man who cannot or does not think. It is impossible long to keep down and enslave a man who does think. The men who did the thinking always have ruled the world, often both nominally and actually, always actually.

Do not forget this when you consider your own case—how you really think about only one or two things and leave your thinking about most subjects to other fellows; how you let your preacher do your thinking about life, death and eternity, your doctor about your health, your lawyer about your litigation, your boss about your politics, your children's teachers about your children's education, and so on.

Science is compelling us all to think—to think habitually, consecutively, rationally. Her object-lessons are nowadays placarded everywhere, compelling attention, compelling improvement, compelling the mind to shake off its laziness and sleepiness.

On every hand we have the ever-strengthening proofs of the wisdom of what Buckle said half a century ago:

"The hall of science is the temple of democracy."

## COMMON EXPRESSION ILLUSTRATED.



## A FEW FULL DINNER PAILS.

By Ferdinand G. Long.



Prosperity Is Doing a Flourishing Business in Wall Street.

## GINGERY JOKES FOR ALL THE FOLKS.

## CLOSE SHAVE.



Bad Man—Whalfer mean by sayin' ye'd let daylight into me?  
 Tenderfoot—I—ah—just merely referred to your X-ray apparatus.

## BOTH SORTS.

Flo—These box parties are nothing but gab and chatter and all that.  
 Joe—You're right there. Take that fellow Fitz-Corbett, for instance.

## FRAUD.

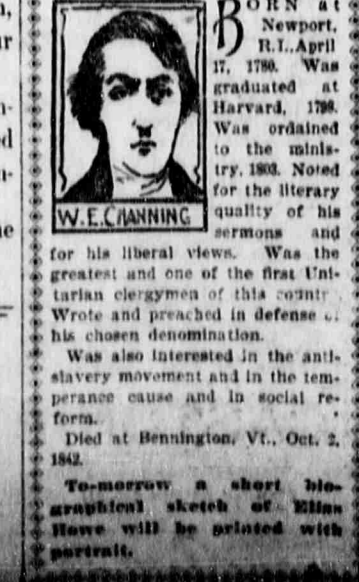


Muldock—Watch me throw th' brick at the swindler that sold me brother a glass eye that no one cud see out of at all, at all!

## THE HALL OF FAME.

Brief Biographies of the Men Whose Names Are First Chosen.

27.—WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

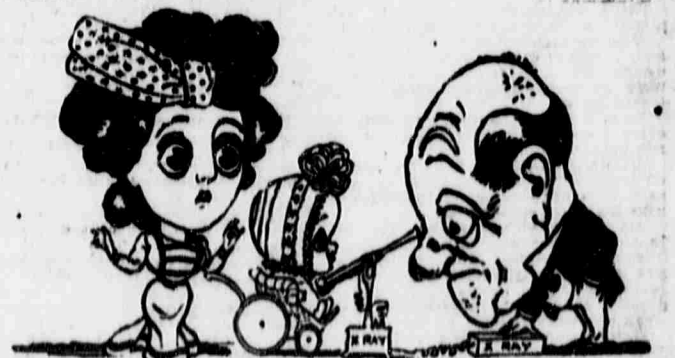


W. E. CHANNING.

## MOTHERS, DON'T WORRY.



"Doctor, the baby has been dumpy for a day or two, and I'm afraid he's got the measles."



"No sign of measles, my dear woman. Your child has simply swallowed a thimble, two or three spoons, a pair of scissors and half a paper of pins. It's only natural that he should feel a little off for a few days."

## LETTERS FROM PEOPLE.

The Man to Write Our History.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 In an editorial you ask who will be the man to write our ideal history. He will not be a college or business man. He will be a man taken directly from the cornfields, who still has about him the odor of cured hay and squash, but who has vested in him the power to accomplish something supernatural, and then stand ready to defy any living creature who would try to disprove it. Such a man has no automatic schooling whatever, but has the natural talents to overcome all obstacles, doing no injustice to any man.

P. E.

Prefers Blond Women and Dark Men.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 "Sweet Seventeen" asks which are more popular with men—blondes or brunettes. I will say that it is merely a matter of choice, but a dark gentleman naturally takes to a blond lady, and vice versa. As to the more popular, I think a blond lady with her wealth of golden locks appears fairer and resembles a queen of beauty more than a brunette does, and of course is shown preference. I do not agree with your last statement, however. A blond man appears more like a weakling than a chivalrous type of manhood, designated by the dark, heavy countenance. FAIR A. G. E.

Does City Furnish Fish as Well as Water?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 Can any one tell me what is the matter with the Croton water? It tastes quite fishy. Are those in power getting generous and giving us fish broth while we are only paying for pure water? Do you think when the water gets a little more muddy than it is now that they intend to give us clam chowder through the faucets? Even as it is, I feel a little disgusted because in Brooklyn some friends of mine are getting live fish with their drinking water. Why can't we have them in New York? My friends tell me they pay no more than they do for pure water and the fish are given them bargain. F. J. MITCHELL.

## THE WAY OF IT.



Pfloo—I had a close shave this morning. Ponto—Yes? Pido—Sure. A razor-back hog chased me a mile.

## WHISTLE AWAY.

ONE day the sigh, dear, and one day the song; That is the way, dear, we worry along; That is the way From the Winter to May; But kiss hands to sorrow, and whistle away!  
 Thick on the highway the dark shadows throng; In dust and in daisies we worry along; That is the way, Though we weep, though we pray; But kiss hands to sorrow, and whistle away!  
 Living or dying, we're one with the sod; Singing or sighing, the way must be trod; That is the way— From the dark to the day— So, kiss hands to sorrow, and whistle away!  
 —Frank L. Stanton.